



The Not-Humans

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Chapter 1 by Astrid

The trees rustled as the girl ran through them, her long red hair streaming behind her. She stopped in a clearing just beyond the line of trees, her breath coming in short gasps. The girl stared fixedly at the woods surrounding her. Every sound made her jump, every rustle made her turn. A dark hooded figure glided silently from the trees. "Welcome." it said. "We've been waiting for you." More dark human figures emerged from the surrounding forest. They looked like humans, but weren't. They circled around the young woman. "No.... No!" her eyes were dilated with fear. "Oh yes." The first Not-human breathed. "Oh yes."

Chapter 2 by Angela J.R



15 years later

It had been 15 years after she was forced to join in. The Not-humans treated her like a dog. A slave. She knew that she wasn't worthy for this kind of treatment, that she needed to be treated better. But people—Not-humans—wouldn't listen. "She is still here," one of the female Not-humans whispered to another. Their black shadowy silhouettes always creeped her out; but after a while, she had gotten used to them. Since she was the only human in this village, she was

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"Let's get ready for a feast."

Chapter 3 by Angela J.R



This can't be good. She was the "so-called wonderful creature". And the feast...Does this mean that they are going to murder her?

The Non-humans' roar was blurred in her ears by the thumps of fear. Celestia, used to be a royal mistress, was now about to be killed by these Non-human savages. She knew she had to do something to escape from this plan, but she was shaken by her fear to think.

"I need to signal the real humans somehow," she whispered, noticing her voice trembling a little. The boundaries, she thought. Yes, the boundaries!

"I have to set up the bonfire."

Chapter 4 by Queuezle



The Non-humans stalked past her, their dark shadows slinking on the ground. Celestia kept her head down and followed the crowd, her red hair concealed and tucked in under a dark hood. Over the many years that she had spend here, Celestia had learnt a long time ago that being noticed was a bad thing and that blending in was a useful tool.

The mob of the Non-humans closed around her, unaware of the human in their midst. She took advantage of the cover to branch out to the more discrete path to the small shed - if you could call it a shed - that the firewood was held in. Opening the door, Celestia slipped in and closed the door behind her, being careful of the darkness that was so complete that she could barely see. Non-humans could see perfectly in the dark, and didn't believe in locking their doors. After all, who- or what- would be foolish enough to intrude on their private belongings?

The arrogance of Non-humans were one of their rare shortcomings.

She found the packet of matches that she had stolen from the Non-humans and hid in her pocket, striking it against the stone walls in the near darkness, about to toss it onto the dry

Under

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Chapter 5 by Claire Adams



She almost jumped out of fear. She quickly turned to see who it was that was talking to her. Bad idea. As she turned around, her hood slipped, revealing her red hair to the creature behind her.

"The human!" it gasped.

Now that she had turned around, she saw that she had gotten lucky. The Non-human that had found her was the one Non-human that had almost gotten banished. For some reason, he was smaller than the others, and so was considered a weakling. This was good. As long as no other Non-humans discovered her, none of them would believe his story. She was still safe. For now.

She quickly maneuvered her hands behind her back and got the match lighted. She tossed it onto the pile of dry wood behind her. And ran.

She looked behind her. There was now a blazing fire in the building where she had stood not moments before. She took advantage of the distracted Non-humans, and slipped into the forest from which she had come, years ago. She pulled up her hood.

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